

quick loss

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75201741) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75201741>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	POV Shane Hollander , Shower Sex , Masturbation , Masturbation in Shower , Public Masturbation , Sexual Tension , Explicit Sexual Content , Post-Game(s) , Dirty Talk , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Locker Room , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Smut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of heated rivalry: explicit collection
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-04 Words: 1,293 Chapters: 1/1

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by [hightowered](#)

Summary

“Fuck yourself,” Ilya said without shame. “With me. Right here. Right now.” He pulled back just enough to look Shane in the eye.

The suggestion was so blunt, so depraved. They were in a public facility, for fuck's sake. They could get caught.

“I can’t,” Shane whispered, the denial tasting like shit in his mouth. He felt his own cock stirring, thickening against his thigh, and he winced.

“You can,” Ilya insisted. He leaned against the tiled wall, one hand moving down his own body. “Look at me, Hollander. Watch.”

All Shane Hollander wanted was to shower off the stink of a loss. He didn't expect Ilya Rozanov to join him, let alone to call him out on the hard on he'd been trying to ignore. "Fuck yourself," Rozanov dares him. And, God help him, Shane does.

Shane Hollander kicked off the ice, chest tight, legs burning.

The game was over, and they'd lost--again.

He'd left everything out there, and it still wasn't enough.

The locker room door slammed open. He needed the shower, get the smell of his gear off of him.

He peeled off his jersey, tugging it over his head, and felt the fabric cling to his skin from sweat. The thing he hated most about hockey was how disgusting you felt afterwards.

Relief came as he stripped the rest of his gear. Socks, skates, his cup, and he immediately felt better.

He moved toward the row of showers at the back, looking over his shoulder the locker seemed to be empty, and he was grateful for it.

He stepped under the first head, flicking the lever and letting hot water hiss to life. The sudden spray hit him, shoulders first, then back, chest, arms. He tilted his head under the pounding stream, closing his eyes. The heat pressed against his skin, loosening the tight coil in his muscles, but the frustration stayed.

"Still brooding, Captain?"

Hollander kept his eyes closed, face up into the spray, letting the hot water fan down over him. "Go away, Rozanov," he said.

Rozanov's laugh came. "Is that how you speak to me after a hard loss? We should be bonding," he said, and Shane could hear the other shower turning on somewhere across the room. "Sharing our pain, no?."

Shane's jaw clenched beneath the water.

There was nothing he wanted to share--not with Rozanov. The memory of the final shot hit him again, the puck teasing the edge of the net, his blade missing it. He'd fanned on the shot, left the game on the ice, and no amount of ice baths or post game analysis would fix it.

Nor would being harassed in the shower by Rozanov.

"There's nothing to share," he said, the sound almost swallowed by the hiss of water.

He wanted the isolation. And sharing it with Rozanov... felt like opening the wound and inviting someone else to poke at it.

The water beat down on his shoulders, tracing the lines his bruises and Shane let himself sink into it. He didn't need Rozanov's commentary to make the bitter pill of failure any harder to swallow. He had enough voices in his own head for that.

"I disagree," Ilya's voice was closer now, right behind him.

Shane could feel the heat from his body, a separate warmth from the steam. "I see much pain. In your shoulders. In your jaw... In your cock." A finger, warm and calloused, traced the line of Shane's clenched jaw.

"Is bad for you to hold so much... tension."

Shane flinched away, turning finally to glare at him. "Don't touch me."

But his protest felt weak, even to him.

Ilya stood there, completely unashamed, water sliding down his broad chest and over the hard muscle of his stomach.

"Why not?" Ilya asked, his head tilted. "Nothing to be ashamed of." He took a step closer, invading Shane's space.

Shane's breath hitched. "I don't know what you're talking about," he lied, his voice rough.

Ilya's smile was slow, knowing. "Yes, you do." He let his gaze drop, pointedly, to Shane's cock. "See? Your body knows. It is honest."

"Fuck you," Shane breathed, but there was no venom in it.

"Maybe later," Ilya said, his voice a low purr. "For now, there is simpler way to... release tension." He leaned in, his lips brushing Shane's ear.

Hollander's heart hammered against his ribs. "*What?*"

"Fuck yourself," Ilya said without shame. "With me. Right here. Right now." He pulled back just enough to look Shane in the eye.

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They were in a public facility, for fuck's sake. They could get caught.

"I can't," Shane whispered, the denial tasting like shit in his mouth.

He felt his own cock stirring, thickening against his thigh, and he winced.

"You can," Ilya insisted. He leaned against the tiled wall, one hand moving down his own body, slow and deliberate. "Look at me, Hollander. Watch." His eyes never left Shane's as his fingers wrapped around his own cock, already thick and hard. He gave a slow, lazy stroke, his breath catching slightly. "See? Nothing to be afraid of."

Shane was frozen, a voyeur to his own downfall. He watched Ilya's hand move, the way the water slicked his skin, the look of pleasure on his face. It was the most honest he'd ever seen the Russian.

"Your turn," Ilya grunted, his voice thick with a dark, syrupy arousal. Do not be shy. I see you want to." He took a half step closer, his cock on full display. "I see the way you look at it."

And Shane did. God, he did.

The ache in his groin was unbearable, a desperate plea for release now.

With a shaky breath, he gave in.

His own hand moved down, wrapping around his erection. He was already impossibly hard. He closed his eyes again, trying to pretend he was alone, but it was no use. All he was aware of was the man beside him, the sound of his harsh breathing.

"No, no," Ilya's voice was a low growl, right next to his ear. "Open your eyes. Look at it. Look at what you do to me." Shane's eyes fluttered open, and his gaze was immediately captured. Ilya had angled his hips, giving Shane an unobstructed, obscene view. His cock was heavy and flushed.

Shane's strokes grew faster, more desperate.

The tension that had been coiling in him for months--the anger, the frustration. He could hear Ilya's breathing quicken, matching his own pace.

He found his hips moving, fucking into his own fist with short, sharp jerks. He couldn't help it.

Ilya moved closer still, until their elbows were almost touching.

The sounds of their strokes filled the small space and it made Shane's head spin.

He could feel the heat radiating off Ilya's skin, could see the muscles in his forearm flex with every pump. "That's it, match my pace," Ilya urged, his own breathing becoming ragged. "Faster. Fuck your hand like you mean it. Show me how bad you want it."

His gaze dropped again, drawn to the sight of Ilya's cock, heavy and flushed in his hand, the head slick with pre come and water. He watched the way his fist tightened on the downstroke, and a fresh wave of lust crashed over him.

His knees buckled. The strength in his legs simply vanished. A choked gasp escaped his lips as he slid sideways, his shoulder slamming against the cool, slick tile of the shower wall. It was the only thing holding him up. His head fell forward, forehead pressed against the unyielding surface as his body trembled, wrung out and utterly spent.

Shane forced his eyes open, his lashes clumped together with water and sweat.

He met Ilya's gaze, and the world shattered.

"Good boy," Ilya rasped, his voice a low, gravelly purr that sent a jolt through Shane's oversensitive system. "You listen well, when you stop thinking so much."

With a guttural groan, Shane came, his release pulsing hot over his hand and onto the wet tiles. It was violent and overwhelming. He heard Ilya's own choked cry a moment later, a sound of pure, unadulterated release.

And then they just stood there, leaning against the wall, the water washing away what they had done.

Shane finally straightened up, turning his back to Ilya to rinse off. He didn't know what to say.

What could you say after something like that?

He felt a hand on his shoulder again. "See, Hollander?" he murmured. "Much better than brooding."

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